



TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Second Language

I am a tenant
in this glorious palace,
running through rooms and hallways
someone else has decorated,
sleeping in a bed
as if it's my own,
my dusty boots lying on the floor.

I try to earn my keep
so I spruce up a bit,
only take small sips
from the wine in the cellar
--or did I buy it?
I can't remember
what's mine and
what I have found here.

I feel quite welcome
but I keep
a suitcase ready,
just in case.
Once in a while,
I nail one of my own portraits
On a burnished wall.

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<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>